



## **Worth the Pain** by **LittlexNightingale**

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**Summary:** A series of reader insert prompts from Tumblr that center around the Bower's Gang.

## 1. Patrick Hockstetter

**A/N : This was a prompt requested by an Anon from Tumblr. I write Bower's Gang prompts, so if you're interested shoot me a request. I'll send a link to the list.**

13 (Compliment) + 11 ( "The way you flirt is shameful." ) + Patrick.

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Hockstetter was attractive, sure. But he was also intimidating to be around. You first noticed his constant staring in the hallway; he was making it obvious. You passed him and his friends on your way to the bathroom. It was between classes, so you assumed no one would be around. But you were mistaken. Patrick was the first you noticed; he was taller than the other guys, but your eyes seemed to stick on him. The strange way his lips curled up made you think of a cat, like he was hungry and you were his next meal. You ignored their lewd passes towards you and skittered off towards the bathroom like a frightened mouse. Long story short, you stayed in the confines of the bathroom stall for the rest of the class. Your cheeks were warm in embarrassment.

Strangely enough, the glowering at you didn't stop. You were in math class the second time you noticed Patrick watching you. All class you were feeling like someone was glaring holes into the back of your head. You turned and looked over your shoulder; to your horror Patrick was behind you – nothing between you but an empty seat.

Meeting his eyes, you stared at him back, lifting your brow as if to ask what he wanted. If Mr. Lyle caught you chatting, he'd order you to attend detention, so you kept your mouth tightly shut and tapped your pen on your shoulder. Patrick seemed to understand and took a pen from his pencil case, writing something on a small square of paper. He got up and dropped down into the empty seat behind you; the warmth in your cheeks flared up again. The note was slid over your shoulder and fell into your lap. You tried to ignore the boney fingers moving down the length of your arm and read it with haste.

*Cute panties; red silk. For me?*

Your breath caught in your throat and you nearly choked on nothing. You were so embarrassed. Had he been staring at your panties the entire class? You reached back and tugged the end of your shirt down, sitting up at your desk. The square of paper was now a crumbled mess in your hand. You easily ignored Patrick for the rest of the class, but it wasn't easy. His warm breath was at the back of your neck and you could swear he had sniffed your hair at least once.

A day later he asked you why you didn't reply back. His lips were curled up in the same cat-like grin you found oddly attractive. You didn't know what to say; you found it creepy. He waited for a response, leaning his elbows against the small lunch table. You normally sat with others; you had one close friend. But, she at home sick and you were left to the mercy of Hockstetter. He was intimidating, that was for sure. You managed to tell him in a whisper that you didn't find his comment very funny. Surely high school boys had better ways to flirt; you rolled your eyes as he chuckled. This was Patrick, however. You weren't sure he even knew how to flirt without adding something lewd into it.

"Don't get yer panties in a twist. I was just joshin' ya, princess."

You scoffed; no shit. Who was he to mess with your mind? Ever since he began 'joshing you', a couple weeks back, it's been hard to ignore him. You can't focus, can't sleep. All your attention has been on Patrick. The shameless grin he gave you when something he said would ruffle your feathers. The way his dead eyes would hypnotize you, snare you like a deer caught in the headlights. He was evil; he had to be. All the red lights were flashing; glowing brighter than the hazard lights on the *Derry Dept. Public Works* sawhorses that blocked the road on the afternoon of that terrible blood. That same year a boy died – George Denbrough, you recall. It was ominous; you felt it. But, something pushed you towards the danger. You wanted the attention from Patrick, even if the teen was evil.

"Why do you look at me like that?" You pushed yourself to say the next part, leaning forward in your seat. "Like you want to eat me."

That shameless grin split his face. It reminded you of the Cheshire Cat from the Lewis Carroll novel *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. A roll of sharp white teeth bared at you. *Most everyone's mad here*, you

expected him to say. *You may have noticed that I'm not all there myself.* Did that make you mad for wanting him?

"Maybe I do." Patrick licked his lips. "I bet you taste bitter. That good girl attitude has to be a lie. You must think you piss rosewater, princess."

The hell was he talking about? Your temper burned hot. "I most certainly do not. People get my respect if they deserve it. You certainly don't, Hockstetter."

His hands flew up in defense. "I get it; no reason for violence. You have daddy issues. Maybe that's why I'm so attracted to ya. Good girl lookin' for a rough fuckin' without ties. I can relate." Patrick chuckled and set his hands down on the table; they were lovely. You wondered just how skilled he was with his fingers. Would they fill you? 2 or 3 at a time; knuckle deep inside you.

Warmth spread inside you; it made you feel too eager. A gentle laugh escaped your lips. "Sorry to disappoint, but I don't think so. Sleep with you, really? Work on learning to talk to girls first, then we'll see. Manners will get you further with me than lewd comments."

You were done with him. You smiled and stood up, shoving your chair up against the table and walked away. On the outside you were brave; curious even. But, on the inside you were a hot mess. It took everything you had not to glance over your shoulder and see if he was watching you. A cold sweat broke out across your skin; an ominous feeling washed over you like a tidal way. What had you done?

Patrick continued to relentlessly hassle you throughout the school week; Friday was steadily approaching. It was a dangerous game of cat and mouse and you were at a dead end. He was beside you at all times – luckily he hadn't followed you into the girl's bathroom yet. The last interaction you had with him before going home had your head spinning. The persistent teen followed you into the library after school – you were hunting for a work of fiction to write your book report on and as luck would have it, Patrick volunteered to be your partner. He wasn't going to help, but that didn't mean you were going to fail because of him either.

"Horror should do. It's been a while since I've read a good scary novel," you whispered. *Frankenstein. Carrie. The Haunting of Hill House.* You pilled each of them into your arms.

A drawn out sigh caught your attention; it was obvious how bored Patrick was. You turned and glared at him, snorting as you witnessed the lazy way he was rested up against the dusty shelves; eyes closed and pretending to be asleep. *Like the illiterate pinhead he is.* You rolled your eyes and moved over to his side, yanking on the sleeve of his plain colored tee. Patrick cracked open an eye and stared at you.

"Pick one," you ordered. He shut his eye and returned to acting as if he were asleep. You curled up your nose in annoyance and yanked harder on his sleeve. "Patrick – *please* – this is a grade. Least you can do is pick the book."

"Persuade me." Patrick again opened his eye; Cheshire grin on his face.

*We can fail – should be persuasion enough.* You grunted; he wanted more than words. More than asking. No way were you going to do that. Under his watch you kissed the tip of your fingers and placed them against his warm cheek. Patrick's other eye opened; both giving you an unamused look. "You never learn. How far are you willing to go for sex?"

"Ya don't want to know the answer to that," Patrick said with a smirk. He grabbed your upper arm and pulled you against him. His slender hips grinded against yours. "Trust me, princess. And joshin' me like ya are, is gonna get ya punished."

You narrowed your eyes in puzzlement. What did he mean? "I'm not teasing you and If I did, it was not my intention." You chewed your lip and tried to recall the moment you had done it, but no memory came to mind. A low cry tore passed your lips as Patrick yanked your hair and forced back your head. "That hurt, Patrick." Tears blurred your sight until you blinked them away and glared at the brazen teen. His half lidden eyes made you panic.

"No, no, no ... never do that. Those lips are too sexy to be marked up with bites." Did he just compliment you? A cold shiver racked your

body. Patrick leaned forward and briefly kissed you, running his tongue over your lips in a wet streak. It was both disgusting and hot. You wanted more, but Patrick removed himself from you. He wasn't even fazed, but you were a mess.

**"The way you flirt is shameful."** Your voice was a broken whisper. The entire incident had you shaking. "I'd be lying if I said that wasn't tempted."

Patrick chuckled, twirling a lock of your hair around his finger. That same wide grin split his face. "That's my good girl. You won't be the same after I'm done fuckin' ya."

You had no doubt about that.

## 2. Henry Bowers

**A/N: The second prompt in the series, requested by realclassact on Tumblr. Innocence prompt featuring Henry Bowers. Key dialogue: Well aren't you the cutest little thing? + That's the least of your worries. + For some reason, I'm attracted to you.**

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Derry wasn't safe; especially at night. You were aware of the curfew – it was displayed outside the school on the message board you passed every day on your way to and from the yard. Yet here you are, walking cautiously down Witcham street. You left your bike at home, assuming that you wouldn't need it – not a great idea on your part. The sky was ominous; the moon was small and bright, but not enough for you to see further than the lights that bordered the street. Derry was a physical nightmare and you were ensnared. *There's a monster on the loose*, you recalled your parents saying. They were referring to a murderer; a child killer. But you imagined something much worse – a real monster that was terrifying and lived in the bowels of Derry. It scared you to know something was out there, lingering in the abyss. *Monsters do not exist. They cannot harm me.* You recited those same words in your head like a prayer. But in your heart you knew they did – *people who kill other people*. That's why you needed to get home.

You called your parents around 6, saying that you'd be late for dinner. The cram session lasted a bit longer than intended; you spent the majority of the time with your best friend playing 'truth or dare' rather than studying for the exams. It was after curfew when you decided to head home – your friend's parents offered to drive you to the farm, but it was no more than a 15 minute walk from their house, so you declined. You wished you hadn't. Minutes seemed like hours and you easily forgot how long you'd been walking. *Has it even been 5 minutes? 10?* You took a quick look around, seeking to determine the location. Once you left West Broadway the houses became few and far between. Nothing but flat land and the sound of crickets all around you. But then, another sound filled the silence; a car engine roaring down the street.



A set of lights engulfed you and from behind a cobalt blue Trans-Am coasted by. You could hear the rowdy howling of voices as it tore across the fissured blacktop and headed towards the farms. In some way you felt like you recognized the car – not many people in Derry traveled around in such a bitchin' ride – but you couldn't put a name to it. A sense of longing consumed you. Had you accepted the offer from your friend's parents, you'd be home by now. The people in that car would most likely be the last to see you, if they had noticed you at all. Suddenly, the car screeched to a stop. You stood frozen on the side of the road as it shot back like a rubber band and slammed to a stop beside you. The person in the passenger seat made your blood run cold – you recognized the car now.

**"Well aren't you the cutest little thing?"** Henry Bowers stared back at you, resting a Red between his thin lips. You were too scared to reply, but given the rumors you heard about his short fuse of a temper you thought it best to make an effort.

"Um ... thanks." You shifted your attention to the bowknot on your satin shoes – face hot and most likely red from embarrassment – but when a choir of laughter bubbled up from inside of the Trans-Am you shot a scared look at the boys hanging from the rear window. Of course the entire gang was there; Henry was never seen without them. A rational person would take one look and run. Yet again, here you are.

Henry Bowers snapped his fingers, startling you a bit. Your eyes trailed the wisp of white smoke from his cigarette as it floated in the air around him. "I know you. Seen ya at yer locker a couple of times. Ya have the top next to Trashmouth."

You remembered; he slammed poor Richie Tozier against your locker just last week. You started carrying all your books to class to avoid a run-in with them.

"So, what's yer fine ass doin' out here at this time of night?" You nearly snickered; pick-ups didn't suit Henry. No way could he be this bad at flirting. You weren't arrogant enough to boast about your appearance – beautiful was a term you heard often – but Henry stating you were attractive made you feel pleasant and a little nervous.

"I ... I was going home," you confessed. Pointing down Witcham Street you glanced down the vacant road. "My house is just after Rhulin Farms; my parents run an orchard."

"No shit," Victor Criss eagerly said. "Ya hear that Hank? She lives close to you." How could you have forgotten? He lived up the road from you. Sometimes you'd catch a glimpse of the guys lounging outside the old farm house when you rode by on your bike.

Belch Huggins leaned closer, his cap missing from his head. "We're goin' that way. Need a ride, sweetheart?"

"Or you could hang with us for a while. Let us get to know you better," Patrick Hockstetter offered. His smile brought goosepimples to your skin.

You shook your head, certain you'd rather walk home. "I appreciate the offer, but no. My parents are waiting for me. I should get home – the curfew is in effect."

**"That's the least of your worries,"** Henry declared. He flicked the ashes of his cigarette out the window onto your shoe. You were unsure what he meant, but he quickly clarified. "There's a child killer on the loose. I'd feel real bad if somethin' were to happen to ya. Yer too cute to be found rotting in some ditch on the side of the road."

*Charming.* You swore Hockstetter winked at you. A bad feeling came from them; their intention with you was unclear. Yet you really wanted to get home. Henry had a point, even if you were a little scared of what they might do to you. For a second you considered telling Henry to get bent; that would probably make you a target though. You might be able to make it home, but then again, maybe not. Fate was against you.

"You promise to drive me right home; no stops. I don't want to upset my parents." You toyed with a loose string on your sweater as you waited nervously for his reply.

Henry agreed and opened the door of the Trans-Am, but instead of stepping out and offering you a ride in the back, he patted his knee. "Take a seat."

You felt your heart sink; a nervous feeling churned your stomach. For a moment you stood frozen as a statue. Heat spread across your face. *What am I suppose to do?* You'd never even kissed a guy before, let alone sat in ones lap. Could you even say no? "S-Shouldn't I sit in the back? It might b-be safer."

"She's so innocent," Victor laughed. "Listen to her stutter; like a copy of that fucknut Denbrough." Patrick and he mocked you until Henry snapped at them to shut up. His icy eyes softened as he looked at you.

"Ignore 'em. I ain't gonna let nothin' bad happen to ya."

You were hesitant, but nervously agreed. Leaning into the car you sat gently down on Henry's lap. It was awkward. After a minute of getting adjusted, Henry slammed the door shut and slapped the side of the car. The engine roared to life and Belch pulled the Trans-Am forward; tires squealing. You squeaked as your body was thrown back. The guys laughed but you ignored them and buried your fingers into Henry's shirt – his arm circled your waist. You couldn't control the smile that brightened your face.

The ride lasted a few minutes before Belch pulled into your driveway, cutting off the engine again. You thanked him and eased yourself from the car and Henry's lap. It was nice while it lasted. As you waved to them, the blonde jumped from the front seat and grabbed your wrist. He leaned forward and closed the gap between the 2 of you, kissing your lips roughly. When he pulled away you felt the heat spread against your cheeks.

"W-Why did you kiss me?"

Henry shrugged. "Felt like you owed me one. Yer too innocent to put the moves on me; girls like you aren't my type, but **for some reason, I'm attracted to you.**"

"Um ... thanks. I don't exactly know what to say." You wanted to die. The embarrassment was killing you. "C-Can I hang with you again sometime?"

"Sure ... whatever you want, princess."

Henry didn't kiss you again – you wished he had – and climbed back into the car. He did wink, however. That was enough to confirm your feelings for him. It was ignorant to like someone like him; a bully. A monster. Yet it drove you crazy. It intoxicated you. You craved it.

As the car sped from your drive, you licked your lips and smiled. "See ya soon."